

THE

# National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 153

DECEMBER, 1959

No. 922

## FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS

TWO SHILLINGS





Hubert Roblin, 80 year old stonemason, works on Popton Fort. Behind him BP's super-tanker jetty stretches out into Milford Haven.

## Hubert Roblin goes back to work-at eighty

**E**IGHTY YEARS ago, stonemason Hubert Roblin was born in Pembroke, S. Wales. Today he still lives *and works* there. Why? Because the skilled services of this old man were needed for a great modern project . . .

### THE BIG TANKERS

Down at Llandarcy, not far from Swansea, is one of Britain's big oil refineries, the BP Refinery. Every year this Refinery converts three million tons of crude oil into petrol, oils, paraffin, etc.

This crude oil must be brought to Wales by sea. And every year the oil tankers that carry the oil grow larger; only last month BP's first 50,000-ton tanker was launched.

And so—in Angle Bay opposite Milford Haven—BP is building a new jetty, capable of handling the largest tankers foreseeable. From here, the oil will be piped 60 miles across Wales to Llandarcy Refinery.

### A BEAUTY SPOT

What does Hubert Roblin have to do with all that? Just this.

A very special problem that faced BP at Angle Bay was how to make this £6 million oil installation 'disappear' into the lovely countryside of the Welsh National Park.

This problem was gigantic. But it has been overcome. By 1960, little will be seen of pipes or tanks amid green grass and rolling hills. And the administrative buildings will be hidden inside an old Victorian fort.

### ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL COMMENT

Just how successful they have been can be judged from these comments in *The Architects' Journal*: "BP is a case of opportunity seen and grasped . . . Admin. offices, garages, staff rooms, etc., all housed in Popton Fort . . . which is now being admirably converted to modern needs".

Hubert Roblin's job? To superintend the building of new stone work as perfectly finished as the original work on the fort. A case of old craftsmanship and new industry joining hands to make an impressive contribution to modern life.

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## The Revolution nobody noticed

A REVOLUTION that nobody noticed has been happening in our own homes. It is turning us all into people who depend on steel.

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Let's look into a modern home and find out.

### HOW MUCH STEEL?

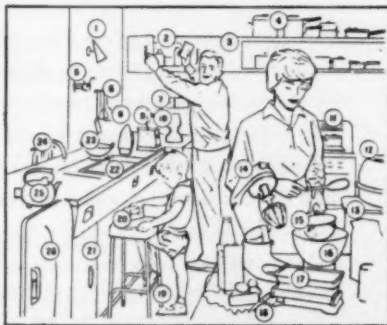
Ask a typical housewife how much steel she handles in an ordinary day.

"Steel?" she'll probably say. "Well, there's some in the car I suppose."

That's about as far as most people get. Actually for going about the daily business of living - cooking, cleaning, child-coping, travelling, working, playing - she and her family are using steel almost all the time.

The picture above gives some idea of the amount of steel in just *one room* of a modern home. The score: 26 different kinds of article, useful, pleasant, time-saving, labour-saving. All made wholly or partly of steel.

Nowadays we'd be lost without our many servants made of steel.

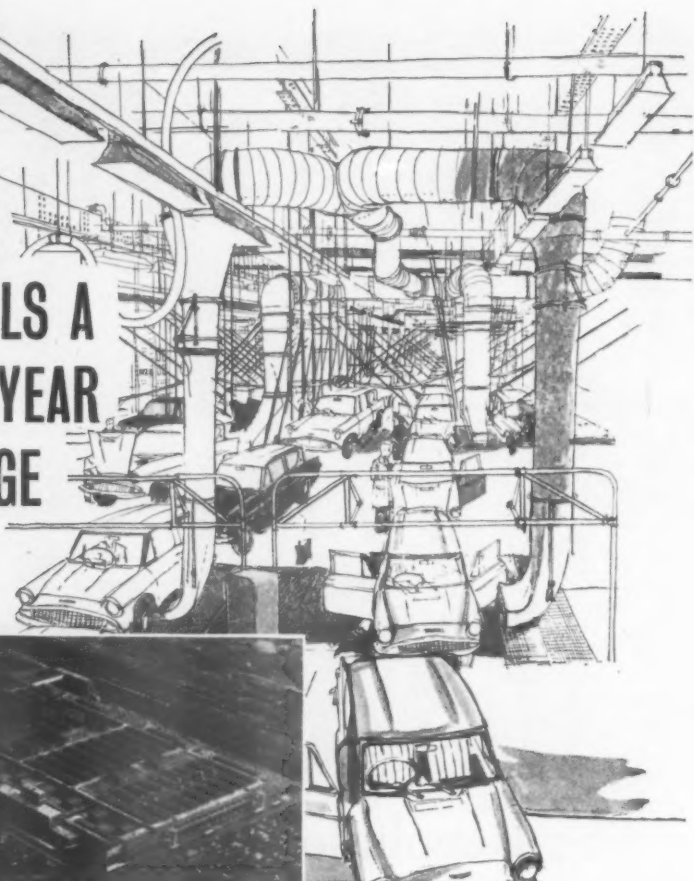


### All these are made wholly or partly of steel

- |                       |                       |                     |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Wall lamp          | 10. Coffee percolator | 18. Kitchen knife   |
| 2. Cans               | 11. Cooker            | 19. Stool           |
| 3. Cupboard           | 12. Spin dryer        | 20. Toy bus         |
| 4. Saucepans          | 13. Washing machine   | 21. Kitchen unit    |
| 5. Can opener         | 14. Mixer             | 22. Sink            |
| 6. Kitchen implements | 15. Sieve             | 23. Colander        |
| 7. Switches           | 16. Mixing bowl       | 24. Taps            |
| 8. Electric iron      | 17. Scales            | 25. Electric kettle |
| 9. Toaster            |                       | 26. Refrigerator    |

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These mighty cash contributions to Britain's future are Ford's pledge, translated into steel and concrete, that British skills shall continue to lead the world in providing quality vehicles at the lowest possible cost.

**FORD** OF DAGENHAM

**KEEPS FAITH WITH TOMORROW**

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS

DECEMBER, 1959

Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i> ...	183
Foxhunting These Days. <i>Angus Macintyre</i> ...	184
Dossier No. 17: <i>Iain Macleod</i> ...	188
A Speech to Remember. <i>Desmond Donnelly, M.P.</i> ...	192
Television's Woolly Horse. <i>Denys Smith</i> ...	195
Correspondence. <i>Mr. W. A. Wells</i> ...	197
On the Mat. <i>Axminster</i> ...	198
<b>Books:</b>	
Escape to the Void. <i>J. Enoch Powell, M.P.</i> ...	199
The Butterfly and the Critics. <i>John Bayley</i> ...	200
A Joy and a Mystery. <i>Robin Denniston</i> ...	202
Formidable Fred. <i>Peter Kirk, M.P.</i> ...	204
A Batch for Christmas. <i>Eric Gillett</i> ...	205
Records. <i>Alec Robertson</i> ...	208
Finance. <i>Lombardo</i> ...	209
Crossword No. 38 ...	211

Cover Picture: Huntsmen calling back hounds from a false scent. (Photo: Camera Press).

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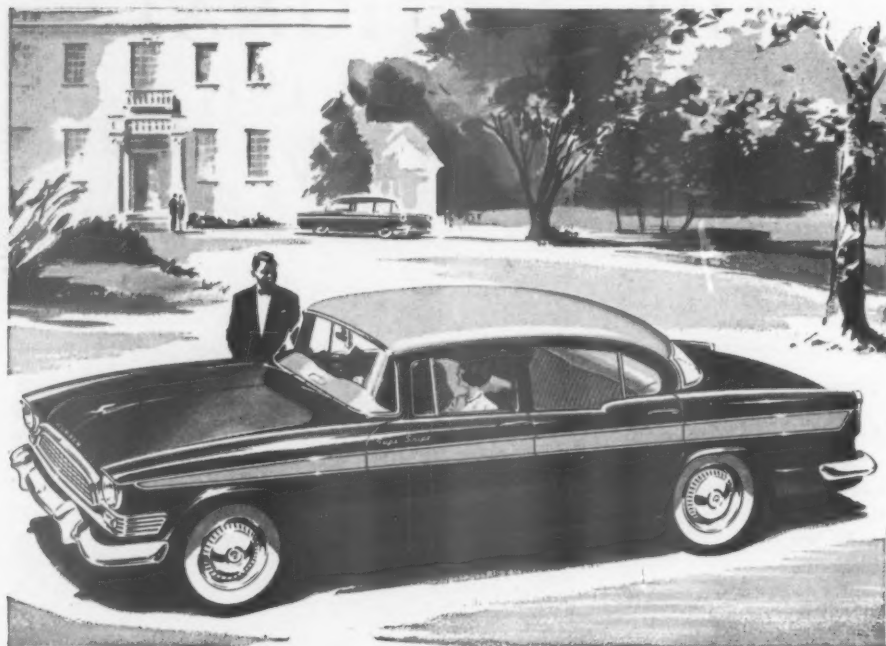
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# Episodes of the Month

## NO PARISH BOUNDARIES

A FILM is going the rounds called *I'm All Right, Jack*. It depicts post-war Britain as an entirely selfish community, with predatory and dishonest tycoons vying with stupid and irresponsible trade unionists to cheat the public and get as much as possible for nothing. The film is in the rather depressing tradition of English farce, with no subtlety, no nuances, no satire (except when that admirable actor, Mr. Peter Sellers, is allowed to perform, for a few minutes here and there, without the embarrassment of words).

Of course there is some truth in the view that Britain is going soft, and it certainly is true that this year's Election was fought in a dangerously parochial spirit. But the British people are still, on the whole, among the most decent on earth, and perhaps the readiest to respond to a genuine appeal for service and sacrifice. Indeed, one of the many faults of the film referred to is that it suggests a strike is quite an easy matter for the strikers, whereas in fact organised labour has shown, however misguidedly at times, an amazing *esprit de corps* in fighting on what it has believed to be points of principle. The wage-earner, with much less to fall back on, has often been more willing to forfeit immediate advantage than his employer, when faced with a comparable test.

But employers, too, are not the sharks they are made out to be in *I'm All Right, Jack*. Corruption exists, but it is very far from being the general rule. A more serious threat is the relative inefficiency of some managements, which may or may not be combined with benevolence and a social conscience. The country cannot afford muddle-headedness or inertia at the top. The Welfare State depends, in the last resort, upon the "officers" of industry. They must be recruited on merit, given more consideration than owners, and treated without undue prejudice or suspicion by Trade Union leaders (who must also regard themselves as officers, though with a special obligation to the rank and file). In many firms the right relationship has already been achieved; but there are still many more in which the old frustration and class bitterness are to be found.

Above all, however, Britain must escape

from the parochialism which is so much in evidence now. Christmas is as good a time as any to remind ourselves of our neighbours' plight and to make appropriate resolutions. The sparkling shopping centres of the West are as much a reproach as a credit to our civilisation. Father Christmas seems to have a white face and to be most active in those parts of the world which are already well-off. The jingle of his bells is seldom heard in the villages of Africa and Asia. Yet it is *there* that he is needed, *there* that his gifts would be most appreciated.

Individuals may contribute, but the big opportunities lie with statesmen. It is up to them to give a lead and to allot with fairness and magnanimity the national resources which they control. They will find (at any rate so far as Britain is concerned) a public more generous than the cynics suppose. They will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they are using their power towards the creation of a human brotherhood, free from the horrors of want and war.

### Top People on the Move

THE Prime Minister's decision to visit Africa during the Parliamentary Recess is much to be welcomed, and the inclusion of South Africa in his itinerary is not necessarily disastrous. All will depend on what he says while he is there. If he uses the occasion to assert his faith in non-racialism and the equality of citizens (as he proclaimed the principles of democracy in Moscow) his visit will be well worth-while. But if he gives any countenance at all, even by implication, to the doctrine of *Apartheid* he will largely undermine the whole purpose of his journey.

President Eisenhower, too, will soon be travelling again, and he has chosen one port of call which is far less easy to justify than South Africa in Macmillan's programme: he will be visiting Franco's Spain, which his Government, by its subsidies, has saved from bankruptcy. South Africa is at least a member, however incongruous, of the Commonwealth, but Spain is not a member of NATO and should on no account be treated as an ally so long as Franco's odious regime remains in being.

# FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS

**D**R. JOHNSON, urban to his backbone and a strong supporter of the sedentary pleasures, thought it "very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them". He was not prompted, one imagines, solely by concern for the hunted, and his remark may be taken as an accurate reflection of the townsman's incomprehension of and contempt for the rough, basic and enduring aspects of country life. William Cobbett was obsessed by this same problem of the mental and physical division between industrial and rural England. It is perhaps too much to ask a sociologist to write as well as Cobbett, but it is surprising and regrettable that our social scientists have been so slow to follow his example that we know very little about the values and *quality* of modern country life, of how much it has been and is being affected by industrialisation and by mechanisation; of who live on the land and how and why they do. Rural life in the Welfare State, for many of us, presents no more real a picture, after we have absorbed the notion of featherbed farmers, than one of forelock-tugging labourers dumbly caught up in "the rhythm of the seasons", of blood-shot squires with whims to satisfy, blossom and holly, sleepy villages, cows knitted tidily into the landscape, bastard feudalism—and of course foxhunting.

The plain facts about foxhunting are startling enough. Despite the encroachment of industry on rural areas and a more intensive cultivation of the land, there are more packs of foxhounds in the British Isles than before the last War, more even than in Edwardian times. The Masters of Foxhounds Association, whose rules and authority govern all foxhunting, recognises 200 packs in England and Wales, 10 in Scotland and 30 in Ireland. As a result of the increased mobility of hunts, a larger area of country (some five-sixths of that available), is being hunted than has ever been the case in the past. Mounted fields, in which women and children usually predominate in mid-week during the season, average about 50, ranging from over 200 to five or less. It is noticeable that the age-

group from 18 to 30, for economic reasons, is the least fully represented in hunting fields. These hunts include, at one extreme, large and fashionable packs like the Duke of Beaufort's, which covers 760 square miles in Gloucestershire, Somerset and Wiltshire, the smart and wealthy hunts of the mid-land shires like the Pytchley, the Quorn and the Heythrop; and, at the other, unpretentious farmers' hunts and the foot packs of the Lake District and North Wales.

Every hunt, large and small, is entirely dependent on the goodwill of local farmers and landowners. A hunt may and frequently does rent coverts, but it has no legal right to cross privately-occupied land. This hunt-farmer relationship is one of mutual benefit and co-operation. Despite the constant possibility of damage to property, there can be no doubt that in general British farmers at least tolerate, if they do not actually encourage, all kinds of hunting over their land. It would be a nice calculation to determine how far, in many farmers' minds, factors of tradition and social prestige outweigh the direct or indirect benefits conferred by hunting. In this connection, it is revealing to quote the opinion of the Scott Henderson Committee on cruelty to wild animals, that "there is a good deal of 'toleration' of foxes by farmers and landowners who support the local hunt and who like to have a fox found on their land". With the gradual death of the old squirearchical tradition, it is possible that the place of the patriarchal squire as the nexus or personification of a rural community has been taken, at least in part, by his most characteristic activity. Hunting and the functions connected with it—point-to-points, hunt balls and dances, horse and hound shows—add a certain glamour and sociability to country life and perhaps fulfil a real need which is unknown to an urban community. Rural life, despite television and transport, is a naturally lonely and occasionally monotonous business. The local hunt, its activities blessed by tradition, does something to counteract this loneliness and monotony and provides business for horse-dealers, saddlers, breeches-makers, innkeepers, corn chandlers, vets, grooms and blacksmiths.

## FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS

The support given to foxhunting by the majority of the rural population is clearly not dependent on actual participation in the sport. This could hardly be so, when hunt subscriptions range from £20 up to £75 a year, varying with the size of the field and the country. Even so, subscriptions are said to have gone up very little since before the War. To keep one horse throughout the year costs at least £150, and the overall cost of hiring one, at £10 a day, is prohibitive for all but Americans. The cost of running a pack of hounds is in the region of £2,000 for every day in the week during the hunting season, so that a three-day-a-week pack will cost at least £6,000 a year. The hunt committee usually guarantees a certain sum to the master, after it has laid aside part of its budget to rent coverts, to pay compensation for damage and to substitute wooden rails for barbed wire wherever this is possible. This guaranteed sum is usually inadequate to meet all the master's commitments. He is responsible for paying, equipping and mounting the hunt staff (in a two-day-a-week country, this would require six or seven horses), for feeding the hounds and horses and for transporting them to and from meets. The problem of grooms and stable hands for hunt establishments would be almost insuperable but for the labour force of dedicated girls, who are content to work long hours for the minimum agricultural wage and without the inducement, open to kennel staff, of ending one day as huntsmen themselves. Immediately after the war, masterships changed hands with a frequency which filled hunting people with disquiet. This problem, essentially one of money, time and inclination, has been partially solved by the creation and rapid spread of joint masterships, in which the liabilities and honours of the position are shared.

The code of written and unwritten rules of foxhunting has remained virtually unchanged since the middle of the nineteenth century, when the traditions and practice of more than a century became more or less standardised. Jorrocks and Trollope would notice few technical innovations; but they would both be surprised by the extent to which their sport, fighting a battle for survival on both economic and emotional fronts, has adapted and transformed its public *persona*. In class terms, the nobility and gentry have less of an exclusive hold on the sport, which is less permeated by



Camera Press

ENTHUSIASM REWARDED: YOUNG GIRL HOLDING  
A FOX'S BRUSH.

taboos and distinctions; "bleeding", for instance, though still practised, is an entirely optional initiation used with discretion by the wisest masters. In the past, hunting people made no attempt to enlist public sympathy and understanding for their activities. Now, the British Field Sports Society works in close co-operation with the Masters of Foxhounds Association, through a public relations officer in London, to improve Press relations and to influence public opinion in favour of all field sports. Masters and hunt committees, who keep in close touch with local newspapers, are urged by the Field Sports Society to avoid stressing details in their hunting reports which might provide abolitionist organisations with ammunition to attack field sports: i.e. "hounds deserving a taste of blood" or "hounds killing their dead-beat fox". Every effort is made to avoid the pejorative term "blood sports", which was coined, the hunting people claim, by their enemies.

The British Field Sports Society is the authoritative source of intelligence for all field sports; it provides lectures, films, instructional pamphlets and legal advice, concentrating its appeal particularly on a young audience organised, so far as hunting is concerned, in pony clubs throughout the country. The Society's membership rose to 100,000 in 1949, when the movement for

the abolition of hunting and coursing opened its Parliamentary offensive, and has since declined. It is safe to assume that its membership will rise whenever field sports are again threatened. This sensitivity to public opinion, and the determination to turn hunting from a cult reserved only for upper-class initiates into a sport which can be enjoyed, although at different levels, by as many people as possible, has led to the extraordinary growth of supporters' clubs, composed of those who follow the hunts on foot or by car. In the less popular and less wealthy parts of the country, these clubs play an essential part in financing and encouraging hunting activities. Some of them, such as that attached to the Pytchley, number over 5,000 members who pay a subscription of 2s. 6d., while many are over 1,000. The abolitionist societies claim that these clubs collect "the rabble of the countryside", who would also probably be enchanted by public hangings and witch-burnings. But hunts active near industrial centres, such as the Heythrop near Oxford, often attract large numbers of local townspeople in cars—a phenomenon which seems to militate against any strict theory that urban communities are necessarily abolitionist. Finally the more popular hunts are undoubtedly a considerable attraction to tourists.

The movement to abolish hunting of all kinds is led principally by the League Against Cruel Sports, with approximately 10,000 members; it claims that for every name on its books, there are a thousand silent sympathisers. This supposition probably exaggerates the extent to which hunting is a controversial national issue. The League regards the R.S.P.C.A., many of whose members shoot and hunt, with the greatest suspicion; the latter body cannot approve ethically of any form of hunting, but it regards foxhunting as "an effective and traditional method of control" and feels that if it were abolished greater cruelty would be inflicted on foxes by the more widespread use of other methods, particularly shooting. The League, on the other hand, is strongly opposed to "the cruel and detestable amusement of foxhunting", and the report of its executive committee for 1958 deplores the fact that the sport "receives active Royal patronage, as the Queen not only subscribes £100 to the West Norfolk Foxhounds but their hunting activities are welcomed on the Sandring-

ham estates." But foxhunting is not, in fact, high on the League's list of legislative priorities. Their main assault is on stag and otter hunting and on coursing. They offer legal aid and advice to farmers whose property has been damaged by a hunt, keep M.P.s informed of their activities and publicise all incidents which might strengthen the case for abolition. Hunting authorities accuse the abolitionists of encouraging misconceptions and of wilful misrepresentation in the interests of propaganda, but take their enemies' activities seriously enough. Indeed, if the supporters of hunting had remained in a nineteenth-century world, where the usual answer to a journalist's enquiry was to reach for the horse-whip, their sport might well by now have been abolished.

Both sides in the debate on field sports make use of various and generally unsatisfactory anthropomorphic arguments, by which an animal is given the attributes of human personality. But by far the strongest of all the abolitionists' contentions is that it is wrong to derive pleasure and sport from the pursuit of an animal and that a "drag" is a humane and satisfactory substitute. If they kept firmly to this rational and moral argument, and were less concerned to prove in detail that hunting people are frenzied sadists with an incorrigible lust for blood, their campaign would be more effective. The hunting man will probably and candidly admit, as Lord Halifax has done, that hunting a wild fox is a reflection of something quite elemental in human nature, a basic atavistic compulsion which is now sublimated into a test of skill between hunters and hunted, in which nine times out of ten the fox comes off best. For the larger packs, the ratio of foxes killed to foxes which get away is more like one in four.

The enjoyment of hunting, it is claimed, does not involve pandering to a cruel instinct, which delights in the efforts of the hunted animal to escape, then in its progressive exhaustion and eventually in its death, which even abolitionists admit to be a quick one when it finally comes. For a few people with highly specialised knowledge there is the technical interest in hound performance, but for most people "the horse part", in Lord Halifax's own words, "is the principal thing". There must certainly be an intimate connection between the increased and now quite widespread

## FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS

interest in the horse and the continuance of hunting. These preoccupations exclude conscious cruelty, and supporters of hunting say that the abolitionists wish to deprive them of fresh air, exercise and friendship gained in a traditional country pursuit which does not involve a debased and degraded addiction to the infliction of cruelty.

Many country people, though not necessarily supporters of hunting, but with great personal experience of animals, resent the implication behind abolitionist arguments that their treatment of animals lacks humanity; they do not see why townsmen should lecture them on what is after all their life's work or dictate the terms on which that life is to be lived in relation to the wild animals of the countryside. It is, of course, hardly a defence of field sports to say that a wild animal's "natural" death is often neither painless nor peaceful, since it does not answer the argument that it is morally wrong for human beings to hunt or in other ways to pursue animals in the interests of sport. But the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals, appointed by the Socialist Administration in 1949, was right to draw attention to the fallacy that a serene life and a painless death in old age would be the lot of all unhunted animals. The Committee was satisfied that, judged by the standard of the infliction of unnecessary suffering, there was less cruelty in fox-hunting than in most other methods of control. For that reason, and in view of the undisputed necessity for the control of foxes, the Committee thought that hunting should be allowed to continue. Indeed their Report often implies that if it were abolished the fox would lose the last force working, paradoxically enough, for his protection and preservation. In the Report's words, "its abolition would undoubtedly lead to an increase in the use of more cruel methods and, so far as we can judge, would be resented by the majority of the rural population." The abolitionists, who say that control should be by shooting unless foxes go to earth, when gassing would be permissible, refuse to accept this Committee's general findings and continue to advocate the abolition of all field sports, including shooting and presumably fishing.

Hunting has remarkable international ramifications. There are 91 packs of fox-hounds in the United States, based on hounds originally exported from this country. In Italy, an engaging pack called



Keystone

KEEPING UP WITH THE JORROCKSES: WINSTON CHURCHILL OUT WITH THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT, NOVEMBER, 1948.

the *Società Romana Della Caccia Alla Volpe*, founded in 1836 after Lord Chesterfield had given the first hounds, hunts in the Campagna Romana. There are three hunts in India, mostly hunting jackal, and one in Pakistan. The Royal Harrtiyah Hunt, founded in Iraq in 1946, obviously no longer exists. New Zealand leads the Commonwealth with ten packs, while Canada and East Africa have six packs each. A curious parallel to the hunting activities of British officers during the Peninsular War is provided in our own time by the Limuru Hunt, centred on Nairobi, whose first meet coincided with the outbreak of Mau Mau, by which the Limuru district was much affected. This masterly understatement, as recorded in *Baily's Hunting Directory*, cannot be bettered: "However the hunt had the full support of His Excellency the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, who became its president, and hounds hunted right through the Emergency, though not without incident."

Finally, the great tradition of the novel of country life, from Jane Austen, the Brontës and Surtees through George Eliot



to Trollope seems to have come to an end, Trollope with his delicate balance between town and country life perhaps marking the transition. Novels nowadays are a reflection of our urban civilisation, against which

that fierce and uncompromising foxhunter, Lord Chiltern, in many ways one of Trollope's most interesting characters, protested in vain.

ANGUS MACINTYRE.

## Dossier No. 17

# IAIN MACLEOD

**A**T forty-six he holds what is probably the second most important post in the Government. Economic and foreign affairs are dominated by the Prime Minister, but the Colonial Secretary seems to have a relatively free hand, and the way he will use it is vital to his own, and his country's, reputation.

He is expert at one game — bridge — and insofar as politics is a game he is expert at politics, too. As a politician no less than as a bridge-player he relies upon knowledge, an exceptional memory, and close observation of the strength and weakness of opponents. He will not bid on a bad hand, nor will he take any risks which are not carefully calculated. His aim is to be Prime Minister and Leader of the Tory Party, so he is playing for high stakes.

• • •

Iain Norman Macleod was born just before the first World War at Skipton in Yorkshire. His family origins are, however, Scottish and there is more of Skye than Skipton in his make-up. He has the imaginative ruthlessness of the Highlander rather than the stolid toughness of the Yorkshireman. He has written poetry and is subject to occasional moods of depression.

His father was a general practitioner, but there is no evidence that the son vowed at a tender age to devote himself to the social services and to become Minister of Health. His subsequent interest in the Welfare State and its problems seems to have been largely fortuitous. He was educated at Fettes College and Caius College, Cambridge, where he took an unspectacular Honours degree in 1935. After leaving the University he joined the City firm of De La Rue's and began to read for the Bar. His legal training may be responsible for the bursts of never-quite-convincing righteous indignation which are a feature of his debating technique.

At the outbreak of war in 1939 he

volunteered as a private soldier and was commissioned in May, 1940, in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Wounded in the Battle of France he was out of action for a year, but went back to his battalion as soon as he was passed fit for service. In 1943 he was selected for the Staff College at Camberley and, after qualifying, was promoted Major and joined Field-Marshal Montgomery's planning staff for the Normandy campaign. He landed on D-Day as D.A.Q.M.G. to the 50th Division, and he remained in the Army till 1946, spending some time in Norway after the liberation of that country.

Meanwhile he had made his *début* in politics, contesting the Western Isles as a Tory in the 1945 Election. No Conservative had fought there since 1931, and he was duly defeated. On his return to civilian life he was appointed to the Conservative Parliamentary Secretariat and became Joint Head of the Research Department when it was set up in November, 1948.

Between 1946 and 1950 there were in the Tory Party four "back-room boys" who were thought to be potential leaders — Henry Hopkinson, Enoch Powell, Reginald Maudling and Iain Macleod. Of these Macleod has so far proved to be the most successful, with Maudling a close second. Powell is now, by his own choice, on the Back Benches, and Hopkinson has passed into the limbo of ennoblement. While the Labour Government was pushing through the Health Service Act and the various nationalisation measures, the Research Department acted for the Opposition Front Bench very much as the Civil Service acts for the Front Bench in office. Macleod mastered the sphere of work which was allotted to him and did his best to educate candidates as well as Shadow Ministers; but he always saw himself as a House of Commons man, even when his only connection with it was the writing of other men's speeches. He never intended to be a bureaucrat, though he



IAIN MACLEOD



Keystone

believes in knowing as much as the bureaucracy about the work of any Department over which he presides. In 1950 he was elected to Parliament for the new division of Enfield, West. His majority was 9,193 in a three-cornered fight: it has risen at each subsequent Election and in a straight fight last October was 13,803.

The post-war Conservative Parliamentary Party was much the same in social composition, and in its instinctive approach to social problems, as its pre-war equivalent. It is still very much the same today. But in 1950 a few new Members, including Macleod, saw the need for a more analytical and, as it were, Fabian treatment of the facts of domestic politics. They remembered Richard Law's pathetically weak reply to Aneurin Bevan on the Second Reading of the Health Service Bill, and they saw how badly Duncan Sandys and Florence Horsbrugh fared in a debate on Housing. They therefore formed a group and produced a pamphlet entitled *One Nation*. Macleod and Angus Maude were the editors, seven other "new men" contributed, R. A. Butler wrote a foreword, and the document was published by the C.P.C. Though it now reads pretty tamely, and its contents can hardly be said to warrant its high-sounding title, *One Nation* is important as marking the arrival at Westminster of men who were determined to change the Party's image, if not its character.

Macleod was biding his time — waiting for the chance of a slam bid. It came to him on March 28th, 1952. Bevan had been speaking on the Health Service Charges Bill, and Macleod was called to speak after him. The Chairman of Committees had, in fact, intended to call him *before* Bevan, but he noticed that Philip Bell, a maiden speaker, was on the list, so changed the order at the last moment. Macleod did not waste his opportunity. He began with menacing confidence: "I want to deal closely and with relief that Bevan had just recovered from speech to which the House of Commons has just listened." A courteous expression of relief that Bevan had just recovered from an illness was followed by the observation that a Health debate without him would be like *Hamlet* without — the First Gravedigger. During twenty minutes of sustained invective the House filled: the speech was then interrupted by an Adjournment debate, and resumed three hours later in a crowded House. It has been described as the most effective speech by a back-bencher in recent

years, with the possible exception of Enoch Powell's memorable speech on the Hola Camp atrocities.

\* \* \*

Within two months Macleod was on the Front Bench, as Minister of Health. He was promoted at one bound to high office and has never had the soul-destroying experience of being a second-class Minister, without real responsibility. He has so far obtained exactly the jobs he wanted, and when he wanted them. Was he a good Minister of Health? In Parliament his ascendancy was undisputed: his Departmental knowledge, and his skill in answering questions or in debate, were more than a match for any opponent. But his record of positive achievement, of administrative reform or innovation, is hard to perceive. He might surely have pressed more urgently than he did for hospital building during the 1953-5 period of decontrol. And a Marples, for instance, would not have been content to set up a committee to report on the scope for economies within the Health Service. The Guillebaud Committee was appointed as an excuse for temporary inaction, and its report provided an excuse for permanent complacency. Macleod may not have shared that complacency, but he did little or nothing to make the Health Service either cheaper or better.

At the end of 1955 Sir Anthony Eden transferred him to the Ministry of Labour, where his special gifts as a politician were needed to combine an appearance of conciliation with a tougher attitude towards the Trade Unions than his predecessor, Sir Walter Monckton, had been showing. It is not too much to say that Macleod may have turned the tide in favour of the Conservatives with his handling of the bus strike in the summer of last year. With remarkable flair he saw that Mr. Frank Cousins had given both him and his Party an opening which might be used to great advantage. Taking every relevant factor into account — the growing unpopularity of the Unions, the antagonisms which Cousins had aroused among his fellow Trade Union leaders, the weak position of the busmen in face of a public which rather enjoys the sensation of rising to an emergency, and above all the link between the Unions and the Labour Party — Macleod exploited the situation cold-bloodedly and triumphantly. The threat of a total breakdown in communications was averted when a "separate peace"

was made with the railwaymen: Cousins was isolated. In Parliament the Minister delivered a short and savage personal attack on Mr. Gaitskell, thereby imputing blame for the hardships people were suffering to the Labour Party and its industrial henchmen. Since 1951 the Tory Government had been wooing the Trade Unions and seeking to convince them that the Labour Party was not their only, or even their best, friend. This process, as Macleod saw, had lulled the Unions into a false sense of security, while it had been steadily alienating the general public. In 1958 he attacked suddenly, on the most vulnerable sector of the front, and exposed not only the strong resentment which was felt against the Trade Unions as a whole, but also the internal divisions of the Trade Union movement and the danger to the Labour Party of its organic link with the Unions. His timing was perfect, his psychological insight unerring. During the 1959 Election campaign he seemed to be to the Tory Party what Herbert Morrison had once been to the Labour Party. He was sure of victory and he threw himself vigorously into the fight, on television and on platforms throughout the country. When victory was won he was rewarded with a post which will either make or break him — the Colonial Secretaryship.

He has already made his presence felt at the Colonial Office. His methods are calm and businesslike: unlike Mr. Lennox-Boyd, he keeps normal office hours, and does little reading by night. He has brought the Emergency in Kenya to an end, has had consultations with the Governors of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has announced that he will shortly be visiting Malta and the territories of East Africa, and has summoned the Kenya Round Table Conference for early in the New Year. His appointment was widely approved and as yet he has forfeited nobody's goodwill.

But he will very soon have to take tremendous decisions. He cannot hold himself in suspense while the Monckton Commission is carrying out its task: he must not expect to find it as serviceable a substitute for personal endeavour as the Guillebaud Committee was to him at the Ministry of Health. In Africa procrastination or evasiveness are fatal, as events in Nyasaland have proved. In his speech in the Debate on the Address the new Minister seemed to associate himself with the franchise arrangements recently introduced in

Northern Rhodesia. This was a mistake, which he must surely hasten to correct. There is no future for qualitative franchises which are patently designed to maintain white supremacy for an indefinite period. Macleod must concede democratic rights at once, whatever the risks and despite the predictable rantings of settlers and stick-in-the-muds in his own Party, or he will face a crescendo of unrest which will destroy all hope of partnership in Africa — and incidentally wreck his own career. The West Indies should be his model, and he should see that the only chance of preserving European economic interests, and European political influence, is to hand over power to a democratic majority, even though it may be largely illiterate and, of necessity, non-European.

The most disastrous error that he could commit would be to back so-called "moderates" against so-called "extremists" in Africa. Nationalism is an irresistible force, and the "extreme" nationalist is nothing more nor less than the convinced, determined nationalist — the Nehru or Nkrumah—who always wins in the end. Again and again the British Government has blundered into petty repression, serious repression, and finally into outrage, through a failure to recognise this elementary fact. Macleod might be tempted to think that he could get the better of Mr. Tom Mboya, say, as he got the better of Cousins. No analogy could be more misleading. He could no more hope to isolate Mboya than Sir Anthony Eden was able to isolate President Nasser. Trade Union leaders have behind them a dwindling, dispirited army: national leaders have the enthusiastic support of a whole community. In the duel between Cousins and Macleod only class emotions were involved, and even so the old class solidarity was notably absent. In a struggle with Mboya, or any other African leader, Macleod would have to reckon with racial emotion of the most passionate kind, and a solidarity which could be broken neither by political adroitness nor by economic concessions. Home Rule cannot be killed by kindness or cleverness, and the price of delaying it is more than any enlightened statesman should be prepared to pay.

Is Macleod an enlightened statesman? The evidence so far is inconclusive. He has shown a readiness to accept the inevit-

able, when he knows it to be inevitable, but he has shown very little ability or zeal for positive reform. His talent appears to have been for obtaining, rather than for using, power. He has been careful to project himself as a "Left-winger" (even R. A. Butler has not been more adept at softening up the Press) but he has been equally careful not to fall foul of any large body of Conservative opinion. On the supreme issue of recent times—the Suez ultimatum—he is thought to have been unhappy; but he did not stir from his comfortable seat in the Cabinet. If indeed he was unhappy about the mad crime to which he was made accessory, his moral cowardice in not resigning is inexcusable. No genuine liberal could have lain doggo in such circumstances.

His rise has been disturbingly easy and there has been no ordeal in his public life, no test of his character and convictions. Disraeli had to wait many years for the chance to put his ideas into practice: Churchill spent a decade in the wilderness: Macmillan, throughout the 'thirties, was a rebel in home as well as foreign affairs. Macleod may have been luckier than they, or he may be less original and less strong-minded. In his private life he had to face his wife's affliction, soon after he became a Minister, with poliomyelitis, from which she has only partly recovered. The same disease was the making of Franklin

Roosevelt and at one remove it may have deepened Macleod's reserves of stoicism and sympathy. Otherwise he might strike the observer as an impressive, but two-dimensional, figure.

He has wit, but little humour. His intelligence is strong, but narrowly focused. He talks about the need for more varied types of Tory candidate, but has never declared war on the public-school domination of the Tory Party. Though he lives simply in his constituency, he is a member of White's and has acquired some of the endemic snobbery and ruling-class conceit which is still the worst blemish of Toryism. Yet he may learn, in his present job, that the crusader is not out of place in the modern world: he may look beyond the smug amenities of contemporary Britain to the vast areas where minds and bodies are hungry, and where life is still "nasty, brutish and short". He has a romantic imagination to match the hard-boiled realism which has brought him so nearly to the top (though it must be added that there is nothing poetic about his forceful, cerebral speeches, delivered without notes and with a certain monotony of emphasis). If he can broaden his own vision and that of his compatriots he may surprise everybody and become a great man. Much more than his own future depends upon his capacity to do so.

## A SPEECH TO REMEMBER

*Most of the speeches which politicians deliver at their eve-of-poll meetings are consigned to a well-deserved and merciful oblivion when the Election is over. An exception must be the speech of Mr. Desmond Donnelly at the Market Hall, Haverfordwest, on October 7th, 1959. After speaking of the local problems of Pembrokeshire (which he has represented in the Labour interest since 1950), Mr. Donnelly went on:*

**MR. CHAIRMAN**, I now turn to the problems of Britain. We have been told that "We've never had it so good". Our production is supposed to be soaring. Our exports are up. Our cost of living is steady. Our unemployment is down. There is some truth in all this, but we can only judge our

success by measuring it against others'. You can't claim that our farm is perfect unless you look at what the man next door is doing with his farm.

During the last few years I have been visiting a number of countries. The reason why I have been travelling extensively is precisely to see what others have been doing.

Let me deal with production figures first. In the years 1953-57 the production of Japan is up 118 per cent. Russia is up 94 per cent. Western Germany is up 73 per cent. France is up 48 per cent.—yes, even France. The United Kingdom is up 18 per cent. So much for the production claim.

Now to exports. This year, 1959, is the first year in history that Germany has replaced us as the world's second largest exporter, next to the United States. There's real ground for alarm there.

## A SPEECH TO REMEMBER

Now, cost of living. It is perfectly true that our cost of living is largely steady. So it should be, because commodity prices have fallen. But Germany's cost of living is actually down.

Now, unemployment. We are told that overfull employment causes inflation. Germany's unemployment is half ours.

I warn you tonight that the real problem of modern Britain is our loss of industrial vitality. Our remaining years as a leading industrial power are numbered on the fingers of two hands, unless there is radical change in our national policies.

What are we going to do? First we have to work harder—all of us. In this life there are no gains without pains. We get out of life what we put into it. A large part of the British nation is not working, in the boardroom no less than on the factory floor. The Welfare State has tended to become a featherbed for Britain to sleep on. It has got to be made a springboard for new endeavour.

The challenge today is whether we can carry corn—the corn of the Welfare State. The Welfare State has duties owed to it, as well as privileges to be derived from it. All the benefits envisaged by the Labour Party are dependent upon a realisation of this simple fact.

I am promising you nothing tonight. Not a tax concession, not a single benefit—unless Britain works for it. This is not an easy thing to say, it's not an easy speech to make. But then I am not here to make easy speeches to comfort complacent men.

Secondly, we have to rebalance our industry—quickly, because there's very little time in which to do it. We have to invest more in research and more in the industries with a future, like atomic energy and aero-engines. We have to crack down on our antediluvian education system and to modernise it. We have to turn away largely from the industries that are successfully duplicated elsewhere—like cotton.

This means a planned economy. There is no other way. Only a planned economy can do the job quickly enough and without great hardship to the workers involved. That is why I am a Socialist. That is why I advocate nationalisation as a means to an end, including the end of greater equality of opportunity.

But I want my nationalisation less centralised, less bureaucratic. We have to learn from our past mistakes. I want fewer

monopolies. Above all I want to keep the end in view—the national need, which is the people's need.

Thirdly, we must have more capital. Capital is a necessity, not a term of abuse. Capital is the knowledge in men's minds and the tools in their hands. It has been the same, right down the centuries, from the wandering artisan going from village to village to the worker today, standing in the silence of the control room at the heart of a great automated factory.

It's the use to which capital is put that is the difference. The Tories want to put it to the use of a limited, privileged section of the community. Labour wants to put it to the use of the British nation, with equality of opportunity for all.

But capital means saving. Saving means less jam today, in order to get jam tomorrow. We can't have jam today and jam tomorrow.

I say flatly to you tonight, at this great meeting, that I reject slot-meter politics. You are not going to get any benefits in return for your vote in the ballot box. You will only get benefits if you—we—the whole nation works. The challenge is the challenge of work. Unless we pull ourselves up by our bootstraps, unless there is a colossal effort of national will and a display of industrial initiative, Britain is on its way, slowly but steadily, to the dustbin of history.

Our first task was to produce enough so that man can live. Our task now is to produce it better—quality comes next so that we show that we live not by bread alone.

In short, the whole of Britain must be prepared to work a damned sight better and a damned sight harder.

Mr. Chairman, I turn to the greater problem of mankind—world poverty. It may seem remote from Haverfordwest, but it is real. When Mr. Khrushchev's disarmament proposals are accepted—if they are—and they are done with, there still remains the colossal problem, the poverty of the peoples of Africa and Asia.

We have no conception of it here. I remember the last time I was coming back from South-East Asia and my plane flew into Karachi in the early dawn. The Pakistan Foreign Office car took me into the city of Karachi as the dawn was breaking. The headlights picked out what appeared to me to be bundles of rags in the gutters. As the dawn grew brighter, I saw the rags begin to stir. Suddenly I realised that the rags were people—sleeping in the gutters. I



made enquiries and was told that there were about 30,000 people sleeping in the gutters out under the stars, every night. They will be there tonight. It is the same in a score of Asian cities.

We speak of freedom and dignity. There is no dignity, starving, ragged and sleeping in the gutter. There is no freedom on an empty stomach.

We wring our hands about Communism and its challenge. We have to remember that when we think of Communism we think of how much we have to lose. When they—the Asians—think of Communism they think of how much they have to gain.

We have to understand that all over the Asian and African continents men have struck their tents and are on the march. They may not all know where they are going—but they are quite sure where they are coming from. Unless the rich industrial Western nations deny themselves to help these people, they will look elsewhere.

Western civilisation is on trial before the bar of history; and that trial is on now.

Yet we in Wales should appreciate the problem of poverty. We had it here, the grinding poverty in Wales, a generation ago. Twenty years ago the problem was the vast gulf between the poverty of Merthyr and the riches of Mayfair. It is a measure of our progress that the old gulf is fast disappearing. Now the challenge is infinitely bigger. It is on a world scale. The gulf is the gulf between Malaya and Miami. Having started to sweep poverty off our own doorsteps, we must sweep it off the doorsteps of the world.

What does all this mean? It means that we have to help. We must be prepared to help at our own expense. There is no other way, and we have got to get others to help. We have to get Europe to help. We have to get America to help. Yes—and we have got to get Russia to help. And we can help only if we can get a gradual disarmament agreement, working side by side with a colossal world mutual aid scheme.

I appeal to every man with a spark of idealism in his heart here tonight to gird himself to the task. We talk about the problems of Wales. They are very, very small compared with the problems of mankind. I say to the Welsh Nationalists here—take your eyes off your boots and look up to the hills. Look at the wide horizons of tomorrow.

I conclude by telling you in a simple

parable what I mean. I know a valley in Wales between the mountains and the sea. David Lloyd George once spoke about it years ago. It is a very beautiful valley, snug, sheltered away from the blast of storm and tempest.

But it is very enervating there. And the people of the village often like to climb up on to the hill above the village to see the grandeur of the great mountain peaks and to feel the fresh, stimulating breezes on their faces.

Britain has been living in such a sheltered valley for generations. We have become too complacent, too self-satisfied, perhaps a little too selfish. But now the stern hand of history has scourged us to an elevation where we can see again the great everlasting things that matter to a people.

We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation live, they will carry in their hearts the image of those great mountain peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though all mankind rocks and sways in the convulsions of the second half of the twentieth century.

*How did the voters of Pembrokeshire respond to Mr. Donnelly's brand of electioneering? Did they show any displeasure at his obvious preoccupation with external affairs and his failure to produce the usual complacent inular bromides? On the contrary, they returned him to Parliament with an increased vote and an increased majority. In 1955 the figures were:*

Desmond Donnelly	27,002
W. L. Davies (Independent, with Conservative and Liberal support)	25,410
Majority	1,592

*In 1959 the figures were:*

Desmond Donnelly	27,623
Graham Partridge (Conservative)	22,301
Waldo Williams (Welsh Nationalist)	2,253
Majority	5,322

*The only new factor in 1959—the intervention of a Welsh Nationalist—might have been expected to injure rather than help Mr. Donnelly. Yet he went ahead, while his Party as a whole, and most of its individual candidates, were suffering heavy setbacks. The moral is so obvious that it need not be stated.—ED.*



# TELEVISION'S WOOLLY HORSE

OVER one hundred years ago Barnum, the legendary showman, found a horse in Ohio covered with hair like a sheep. A "Woolly Horse" was a curiosity in which people would have been mildly interested. Barnum determined to make it a phenomenon. He spread the tale that the explorer Colonel Frémont who had been lost for many weeks in the Rocky Mountains had found a remarkable woolly horse there. Later he produced it and began showing it around the country. He finally took it to Washington "to pull the wool over the eyes of the politicians", as he later asserted. He had forgotten or never knew that Frémont's father-in-law was Senator Benton, who sued Barnum for fraudulently depriving him of two shillings' entrance fee to look at an animal Frémont had never captured. The case was dismissed for lack of proof that Senator Benton's assertions were correct.

Barnum is now legion and its name is Madison Avenue. It has moved into the television industry, while the spiritual heirs of Senator Benton have become the Congressional investigating committees. Barnum did not consider himself a mere showman. He was a purveyor of education and culture as well as entertainment. Under Barnum's management Jenny Lynd, the Swedish nightingale, sang in the American woods at a time when they were woefully lacking in musical notes. Television, too, has offered education and culture and given good music to a wider public than had heard it before. The collective heirs of Senator Benton, for their part, have not been content to rely on the courts, which often acquit the guilty on such frivolous grounds as lack of convincing evidence, as in the case of Benton versus Barnum. They take matters into their own hands.

Television's woolly horse was the "quiz show" or general knowledge question-and-answer programme. It would have been mildly interesting, like the woolly horse, but something more was needed to make it phenomenal. Hence the big prizes, the isolation booth for the contestants, the bank guarding the questions—all methods which would have appealed to Barnum. Then

some of the well-paid members of the cast became jealous of others who had been given more. They destroyed the illusion by telling all about the hidden wires, false walls and sliding panels. This was not a real competition but was fully rehearsed and planned to the last worried frown of concentration which was no more genuine than the agonised grimacing of the professional wrestler. The public was shocked and indignant. Someone had trodden hard on its ingrowing morality. A Congressional committee, always ready to grab at the coat-tails of a nine-day public wonder, moved into the act.

If the television industry had crossed the fine line which separates illusion from deception, the furious pack which harried it crossed the fine line which divides justice from mob law. The prosecutor no less than the defendant had taken the view that the end justified the means. The Constitution talks of "due process of law" and forbids "cruel and unusual punishments." It separates the judicial function from the legislative and executive. This was done not to protect the innocent but those presumed guilty.

The men and women exposed by the House committee investigating the quiz shows, it was argued, deserved what they got, which was loss of jobs, of professional reputation, and exposure in the modern equivalent of the pillory for all to see and to pelt with their verbal refuse. But the same disregard for due process which now punished the guilty can punish the innocent, as Senator McCarthy was one of the last to show.

Congressional investigations, with their contempt for the rules of evidence and principles of fair play, their mingling of judge, jury and prosecutor into an all-powerful Poo-Bah, can become far more dangerous to the public than the dangers which they profess to expose. The power of exposure, moreover, is nowhere given to the Congress, or its subsidiary organs, in the Constitution. It is an arrogated power, inconclusively linked with the derived right of investigation. It is argued that investigation is essential to learn the facts on which

legislation must be based. But facts do not have to be learned in public circus. An investigating committee nearly always knows the answers to the questions it asks a witness in public hearings. The committee "quiz" which the public watches and reads about can be as rigged and rehearsed as any television "quiz". The witness has previously been examined in private, the areas of his knowledge explored.

The television quiz often advertised some patent medicine; the Congressional quiz some ambitious politician. It would be an arguable point which of the two advertised products does the public the less good. In the television quiz the compliance of the participant was secured by hope of reward. In the Congressional quiz compliance is secured by fear of punishment. Refusal to answer will lead to citation for contempt of Congress and possible fine and imprisonment. The courts have given feeble tugs from time to time to get the legislators back within Constitutional bounds. Possibly they are inhibited from more vigorous action by the thought that there has been a mutual trespass, with the judiciary not always keeping out of the legislative field.

The investigating committees not only impose illegal but also unequal punishment thus breaking the spirit of the Fourteenth Amendment which guarantees everybody "the equal protection of the laws". The punishment of exposure has done Hoffa and other corrupt union officials no harm. They are as firmly entrenched in their jobs as ever, while Charles Van Doren whose conduct, however reprehensible, could scarcely be equated with that of Hoffa, lost his.

The "fixing" and "rigging" of the quiz programmes violated no existing law. But the former contestants were compelled to make public confession of moral wrongdoing in an area which has since the seventeenth century been regarded as a matter of individual conscience. Some

sought foolishly to escape by committing perjury and thereby exposed themselves to double obloquy.

The public reaction ran through the scale of emotions from the genuine-moral to the spurious-moralistic. At the lower end of the scale were such considerations as these. Watching taxi-drivers of small means and college professors of smaller acquire vast sums of money by answering general knowledge questions caused no envy. Americans like the success story based on the "rags to riches" theme. But when it proved to be a case of "rags to riches" they were resentful. It was like desecrating the flag or denying the blessings of motherhood.

Then, nobody likes to be hoaxed or fooled even if the hoax has done them no personal harm. They can normally manage a hollow laugh to show they are good sports, but when there is an excuse for thrusting aside these pretensions and giving vent to their real irritation they take it, particularly when by so doing they can take their place with the moral reformers.

Again, millions of people for over three years had been incidentally imbibing "useful knowledge" (as the old phrase went) while thinking mistakenly that they were watching a sporting event. They finally discovered that there was no sporting element involved at all. They had been deprived of their detective plays, their Westerns and their musicals by false pretences.

The intellectual, or egghead, even when ostensibly admired is often secretly despised. He makes the less gifted feel uncomfortable. There was a certain satisfaction in finding that the quiz show contestant was not so smart after all. There was even greater satisfaction in the thought that the contestant, instead of being the viewer's intellectual superior, was his moral inferior. He had not resisted temptation in the way those not exposed to it felt certain they would have done.

So a great moral tide has swept the country. Nearly everybody became Saint George and "deceptive entertainment" the dragon. Things should be exactly as they seem. Nobody has gone quite so far as to insist that Hamlet should really run his rapier through Polonius in order not to deceive the audience, but some have approached it. Canned laughter and solicited applause were condemned. Even the spurious spontaneity of panel interviews, or person-to-person visits, were held immoral.

NEXT MONTH

NEW YEAR,  
1860

*A Flashback*

## CORRESPONDENCE

The interviewer should descend upon his unsuspecting host unannounced, followed by a squad carrying cables, cameras and studio lights. The thesis that illusion is at the heart of good theatre is suspect. One could more easily welcome all this as evidence that "spiritual values" were coming into their own if everybody did not seem to be having such a good time contemplating the perfidy and peccadillos of an industry which they still follow as avidly as ever.

DENYS SMITH.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor, National and English Review*

### FREE TRADE WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH?

*From Mr. W. A. Wells*

Sir, — May I ask from you a little space to acknowledge the polite reference made by Mr. W. Russell Lewis to my Association. It is, of course, impossible to deal with the many points in a long article nor do we aspire to Mr. Lewis's omniscience, nevertheless we have always followed the principle of ascertaining, as far as possible, the facts and of drawing inferences therefrom. Mr. Lewis's method is, of course, far simpler: he omits the first process and draws his inferences freely from the air. This may account for differences of opinion which he finds it difficult to tolerate.

A startling instance of this method is his account of what happened in 1932 and after. He tells us that the revival in Commonwealth trade was due to the low prices of imported foodstuffs, a really astonishing conclusion. A closer study of this period would have revealed that it was freely admitted at the time, notably by Sir Herbert Samuel, as he was then, in the House of Commons, that it was the depression which was due to low prices and that what was required was an increase. This, of course, was actually brought about by the fiscal measures taken in this country. We curtailed our expenditure on those goods from foreign countries which we were able to produce for ourselves and diverted it to the purchase of raw materials and foodstuffs. By this means we reduced manufacturing unemployment by two-thirds in five years and put money into the pockets of overseas Empire territories, and also incidentally of

foreign primary producers. By 1937 we had increased our imports of raw materials from £173m. to £315m., that is, by £142m., £65m. of which increase came from Empire countries.

Mr. Lewis is dogmatic about the creation of a free trade area within the Commonwealth and has much to say about Lord Beaverbrook's campaign in the 'thirties. His researches, however, do not seem to have taken him as far back as the beginning of the century when a certain Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had the same idea, investigated it, found that it was impracticable and very wisely discarded it. It is less practicable today than it was then. It might, however, be possible to do something which would be a great deal more valuable, that is to say, to demand of G.A.T.T. a change of rules permitting the creation of a preferential area inside the Commonwealth which would not involve the total elimination of tariffs, but their adjustment within the area to meet the varying necessities of Commonwealth countries. This would, of course, involve giving a raw material and food preference to Commonwealth primary producers. I commend consideration of this suggestion to Mr. Lewis.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. WELLS.

*Commonwealth and Empire Industries  
Association,*

*Craig's Court House,  
25 Whitehall, S.W.1.*

*Russell Lewis writes:—Mr. Wells would be wise to stick to his own rule and argue from the facts rather than from authority, and on economic affairs certainly not the authority of either Lord Samuel or Joseph Chamberlain.*

My point, which Mr. Wells has misunderstood, was that the low prices of British imports in the early 1930's meant an increase in the real purchasing power of those people whose money incomes remained the same. Much of that increase in real income was spent on housing. It was the housing boom which was the main factor in the revival in the United Kingdom which in turn benefited our main trading partners, the Commonwealth countries. My contention therefore, is, that the Ottawa Agreements contributed nothing to that revival, but on the contrary, insofar as they tended to raise import prices, may well have retarded it.



**F**ROM TURNER'S HILL, near Dudley—crowned, of course, by a transmitting mast, the modern equivalent of tumulus or barrow—can be had a wide prospect of the Black Country. Those who live elsewhere cannot fail to be moved and fascinated by this part of England. Here industry is so old that it is already half archaeology; and time has softened the more satanic aspects of the landscape, seamed and pitted with old workings. To the motorist the whole region is uniformly unpleasing—one town only to be distinguished from another by the different sorts of street lighting; but in fact each place has its own strongly marked character and trade.

One of these, on the south-western fringe, is Lye Waste, ancient home of the frost coppers, who make the special large-headed nails that give draught horses a grip of the ground in hard weather. Stourbridge Corporation, the local authority, has decided that the whole place must be demolished and rebuilt. As a first step, a hundred houses, almost all owner-occupied, are to be swept away and the residents turned into council tenants. It is heartening that 94 of them—people of a normally inarticulate and defenceless sort—have lodged formal objections to the compulsory purchase orders pushed through their freehold letter boxes.

No doubt this is "slum clearance"; but surely a slum of one's own is quite different from a landlord's slum. The bodies of these people may be healthier as council tenants; perhaps their spirits are healthier where they are. As owner-occupiers they can choose, if they like, to spend very little on housing themselves, but more on other things. As council tenants they must pay 42 shillings a week before they can begin to choose. The barricades should be manned in Lye Waste—and what a name to fight for.

**P**ERHAPS THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE for the Defence of Freedom can help them. The name of this body arouses one's suspicions simply because it uses in its title

noble words which Communists and Fascists have long ago prostituted. But it does appear to do just what it says, by standing up for individual freedom in front of the steamroller of bureaucracy—which is probably more effective than lying down in front of the concrete mixer of the rocket site. What is more, it has a surprisingly large membership—acquired in a very short time and already getting on for that of the National Trust; and it publishes a weekly paper, which promises to become a daily. Declared to be non-political, the People's League are doing a good job, even if only by ragging local authorities—whose Clerks, hardly controlled by swollen and over-worked Councils, are the modern version of the Over-mighty Subject.

**I**T IS THE LIMIT that already, fanned by the newspapers, there is talk of imposing a maximum speed on the motorway. A few people, in sheer reaction from the slum roads of Britain, are bound to go through the sound barrier at first; most of them will hurt no one but themselves. Far more dangerous are those drivers—and cars—who, accustomed to go at forty, are now doing sixty. And how do you catch a man exceeding a seventy mile-an-hour speed limit? Do you chase him? What a spectacle, and what hazards. Will it be safer if the man doing seventy-five has one eye on his speedometer and the other on the cops? In spite of our natural English urge to penalise the revolting plutocrat whose car most unfairly and undemocratically goes faster than ours, I hope we shall keep the convoy system off M.1. After all, we still have it on all the other roads.

**"COME, CHEER UP** my lads, 'tis to glory we steer" was first heard—from David Garrick at Drury Lane—on the last day of this year, exactly two centuries ago. No song, not even *Rule Britannia*, ever evoked so well as *Hearts of Oak* the ponderous resolution of a line of battle. Boswell even translated it (*Cuori di Quercia*) and sang it to the Corsicans. It is the naval anthem *par excellence* (and no better place to hear it than played after dinner in the Painted Hall at Greenwich). "To honour we call you, not..."—everyone must look up the words, and sing it (preferably at Lye Waste) this New Year's Eve.

AXMINSTER.

## ESCAPE TO THE VOID



### books



#### ESCAPE TO THE VOID

ARABIAN SANDS. By Wilfred Thesiger.  
Longmans, 35s.

I STILL possess a fat packet of maps of central Arabia, which, as a schoolboy of eight or nine in Birmingham, I meticulously copied from the works of the classic Arabian travellers — Burkhardt, Palgrave, Burton, Blunt, Doughty. (Thomas and Philby had then not yet made their journeys.) For no reason that I could explain I studied the caravan routes and the town plans of the Arabian cities with more thoroughness and determination than if I had to sit a scholarship examination upon them. The places and the people seemed somehow terribly important; the clumps of palm trees, marked on the maps where there were oases, and the line-drawings of the cliff-like forts and cities haunted me with an inexplicable fascination.

The haunting and the fascination flowed back like a tide after forty years as I opened the pages of Thesiger's *Arabian Sands*. Here were the old emotions stirred by the dotted lines marking dry water courses, the photographs of white walls and mud domes, the descriptions of the evening meal in the desert after dark. In the pouch at the back of the book was the familiar sort of map, brown for desert, white for the rest, with the author's routes across both marked in red.

It was the great desert of Southern Arabia, known to Arab geographers as "the Empty Quarter of the World", *Rub' al Khali*, which in 1946 to 1948 Thesiger was the first known European to cross on the western side (towards the Yemen) and the eastern side (towards Oman): Thomas and Philby had crossed it in the centre in 1931-2. Thesiger did so nominally in the service of the Locust Research Centre; but his purpose was not exploratory, though he crossed and mapped unknown territory, nor scientific, though he brought back new information on the natural history of the desert. What the reason was, he tells us himself.

"I did not go to the Arabian desert to collect plants nor to make a map; such things were incidental. At heart I knew that to write or even

to talk of my travels was to tarnish the achievement. I went there to find peace in the hardship of desert travel and the company of desert peoples. I set myself a goal on these journeys, and although the goal itself was unimportant, its attainment had to be worth every effort and sacrifice."

The book, even if it "tarnished the achievement", is a unique description of its twin subjects, the desert and the desert Arabs, or Beduin.

What is it about deserts that tugs at the hearts of men? Even those who have only touched the hem of the desert—the fringes of the Libyan desert or of the Thar in India—know what it was that Thesiger repeatedly sought and found in the centre of the Arabian emptiness, and they would, or think they would, go back again to get it if that were possible. Nor is he just in denying knowledge of it to those whose transport was mechanical: Bagnold's *Libyan Sands* is just as authentic desert, though it was he that pioneered the epic car crossings of the Sand Sea by the Long-Range Desert Group in 1941-2.

The secret lies perhaps in the desert not as mere environment, but as something travelled over, which seems to remove the purpose from journeying and substitute in its place a



BIN GHARAISHA





BIN KABINA

kind of timeless contentment, almost as though the soul were soothed by this emblem of its own metaphorical journey across the desert of this world. The desert is the true setting of the words: *navigare necesse est, vivere non est necesse*.

In these things all true deserts are the same; but only the Arabian Desert has the Beduin. Thesiger's book is dedicated to two Beduin youths, then sixteen or seventeen years old, Bin Kabina and Bin Ghabaisha, who attached themselves to him on his journeys. Their hauntingly beautiful features are impressed on the reader's mind by some of the marvellous photographs which the book contains — it was a chance sight of the photographs by a friend of the author which caused the book itself to be written—and long before the end the reader has fallen under the spell of their personalities, like the leading characters in a novel.

The author adapted himself completely to the outward way of life of the Beduin with whom he travelled, but admits that he never mastered Arabic sufficiently to lose the sense of effort in conversation nor could so divest himself of his European attitudes as not to be irritated by the Arab characteristics of garrulity, improvidence and importunity. Yet none of this prevents him from conveying in the artlessly recorded dialogues with his

companions and in the plain, almost flat descriptions of life in the sands an overwhelmingly authentic impression of the Beduin existence, with its endless hardships, interminable travelling, raids and feuds.

It is not the picture of a primitive people. Unmistakably the individuals in and out of whose lives Thesiger moved, even when they were clad only in rags and their possessions were, as often, no more than a weapon and a few utensils, are members of a true civilisation. Their thoughts, their religion, their codes of behaviour, their language, are all the products of a long civilising process. The centre of Islamic culture, which had caught up much of the older cultures that lay behind it, swept away at an early time from the lands of its origin; but the stamp of civilisation remains on the humanity around the Empty Quarter, as if preserved in the harsh aridity of the desert. In them one seems to see civilisation in a kind of abstraction, stripped of all physical trappings.

"They were not ignorant savages; on the contrary, they were the lineal heirs of a very ancient civilisation, who found within the framework of their society the personal freedom and self-discipline for which they craved."

J. ENOCH POWELL.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CRITICS

LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 21s.

AFTER so much advance publicity, *Lolita* runs the risk of becoming a bore by proxy before it gets a fair reading. Professor Lionel Trilling has already pronounced on it with the same serious and courteous penetration which he extends to Mark Twain or Jane Austen. It seems likely to disappear into legend and literary history before it has run its brief but deserved span as a light novel. Is it pornographic? Professor Trilling gravely considers the charge, and concludes that though the intention to write pornography is a perfectly respectable one for an author to cherish, *Lolita* is not in fact pornographic. It does not excite desire, nor is it intended to do so. This is a reasonable definition of the term, and by it Shakespeare must certainly be convicted of pornography—in *Venus and Adonis* he is straining every nerve to raise our sexual temperature a few degrees, and not making a very good job of it.



But then if Mr. Nabokov is not trying to excite desire what *is* he trying to do? Present us with a powerful Dostoyevskian portrait of the sinner, the lost soul with a terrible and degrading passion for little girls? Perish the thought—the author himself disposes of *that* hypothesis with the greatest possible firmness. No intention was in his mind, declares Mr. Nabokov, beyond producing what he engagingly calls “aesthetic bliss”. And in many ways he does curiously remind us of the old-fashioned low-brow aesthete. I say “low-brow”, because though P. G. Wodehouse has much in common with Walter Pater he has a rather different aesthetic outlook, and it is precisely of P. G. Wodehouse that Mr. Nabokov’s manner most reminds us. There is the same delightful patter, the same allusions and cosily familiar ploys; above all, the same calculated refusal to relate the fantasy world of jest and rhetoric to other worlds and other kinds of reality. Mr. Nabokov’s Humbert Humbert has an appetite and an outlook that is as stylised as Bertie Wooster’s, and (despite the careful build-up of American locale) as essentially independent of time and place. Cast up alike on the American shore, Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Nabokov strike us not so much as exiles and expatriates but as itinerant craftsmen of fantasy, two dexterous and inward-weaving spiders oblivious of the upheavals of history and fashion.

But a P. G. Wodehouse with the subject of *The Possessed*? It is this discrepancy between manner and matter which seems to have prompted some of the harshest criticisms of *Lolita*, including that of Mr. Kingsley Amis, who attacks its style for being futile, wearisome and unnecessary, and censures the book—not of course for pornography—but for its low moral values. We gather that Mr. Nabokov’s *style* is somehow morally reprehensible, though the tastes of his hero are of course his own affair. Judgement of a novel in terms of moral values is usually irrelevant, because any novel that is worth really serious criticism starts at the point where a theoretical pronouncement on moral values is no longer enlightening. I do not think that Mr. Nabokov would object to the implication that *Lolita* is a butterfly (and her author is after all an extremely distinguished lepidopterist) which there is no point in breaking on the critical wheel. As to style, I have the impression that Mr. Amis is not in fact

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objecting to a specious tissue of verbiage behind which the real Mr. Nabokov allegedly lurks, but simply to Mr. Nabokov's literary personality. "I don't like your manner, Sir". It is a common tendency of critics to compound their antipathy to an author by issuing a general condemnation of the kind of literature he is said to typify, and one would not wish to think that Mr. Amis is censorious enough to condemn all elaborate and decorated writing out of hand. It is true that he once dismissed Chaucer—that master of decoration—as "piffle", but one lets that pass as a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

Chaucer, however, was not only a master of decoration but also of decorum, and this brings us to the only charge against Mr. Nabokov that really sticks. He, or rather his hero, tells us about romantic love, bereavement and murder in exactly the same tone as that in which he tells us about motel lavatories, the customs of juvenile summer camps, and the long toes and apricot-coloured midriff of his twelve-year-old beloved. Humbert Humbert in fact is a bore, as devastatingly so as one of those Renaissance characters in Browning's dramatic monologues. But, it may be objected, the book *is* a monologue, and the whole point of it is Humbert's unvarying and desolating sense of the ludicrous monotony to which his obsession has reduced his whole consciousness. Certainly, but this does not excuse Mr. Nabokov, the technician of "aesthetic bliss", from the charge of a serious failure of technique. He thought he could get away with it: he takes the risk of boring the reader and the gamble does not quite come off. Even in dramatic monologue, as Chaucer so brilliantly demonstrates, there must be some variation, some tension between the sameness of the character and the other possibilities of emotional reality that are held before us by the author, and shown us, as it were, over the shoulder of his hero. This variation is precisely *decorum*, the alteration of tone in accordance with subject and context, and it is by this means that Chaucer—whose handling of sex and the body is as downright as Mr. Nabokov's—also persuades us that other things beside sex and the body exist. There can be no doubt that Mr. Nabokov tries to persuade us of this too: he tries very hard indeed to move us, he has a lot of big moments—like Humbert's realisation that Lolita clings to him because

she has nothing else and nowhere else to go—and these are intended to move us, but they don't. Humbert's consciousness is too tyrannical.

Where Mr. Nabokov comes closest to success is with "Big Haze", mother of the unspeakable little Lolita Haze and the unfortunate wife of Humbert. She alone in the book has a face. That agonised, serious, comical, American face does indeed seem to be trying wildly to meet our gaze over the shoulder of Humbert, to enlist our sympathy and our pity, even our love. Lolita, of course, has everything but a face. Love has a face but sex is faceless, and Humbert—whatever he may say—is not in love with Lolita. Indeed he feels something much more like love for Lolita's mother, though he is not aware of it, and the suggestion of this is one of Mr. Nabokov's more subtle triumphs. Sex is only ridiculous if there is an alternative to it, and in "Big Haze" Mr. Nabokov does nearly succeed in providing the shadow of a *raison d'être* for the ridicule that haunts the rest of his novel.

JOHN BAYLEY.

#### A JOY AND A MYSTERY

FREDERICK DELIUS. By Sir Thomas Beecham. *Hutchinson*. 30s.

IT would be absurdly ungrateful, in view of his consistent and effectual devotion to the music of Delius, to complain that the author of this fascinating biography does not tell us all we want to know about his hero. We tend to suppose that because a man is the best conductor and outstanding "character" of his generation, he must necessarily be a brilliant biographer, and are disappointed to find that witticisms which may *sound* excellent read flatly, that the biographer's personality obtrudes just when we wish it wouldn't, that his old-fashioned circumlocutions and occasional elephantine coyness stand between us and his avowed object which is to tell without adornments or special pleading the narrative of his friend's life. Complaints are absurd when there is an unblemished record spanning more than two generations in which Sir Thomas has interpreted, profoundly and repeatedly, the main Delius *corpus* to a public which has often been indifferent but has sometimes thrillingly roused itself to acclaim the man whose music is indeed both a joy and

a mystery.

Delius's life was very odd. His father was a rich German merchant who lived in Bradford and behaved, apparently, with manic unpleasantness to all his sons, Frederick in particular. For many years Frederick was, quite simply, the family's black sheep. He went to run a property in Florida, which flopped; he became a mildly successful music teacher; he went to Paris where, we are told, he indulged himself to the full in the artistic and erotic life of the French capital (we could wish that Sir Thomas had either given us more particulars of this period or else told us clearly that these are not matters for profane ears). Though he became a proficient composer, he had hardly published a note of music after several years of effort and his family could hardly be blamed for writing him off as a failure — though aunts and uncles came to the rescue with commendable regularity. At this time Frederick met and married Jelka, who was to devote the rest of her life single-mindedly to her wayward, charming genius of a husband. Till the age of forty Frederick was a gay, argumentative, friendly man; to what extent he was repressed by his early upbringing it is impossible to gauge but the flow of musical genius seems to come inexorably, despite adverse circumstances and the composer's own fecklessness. He wrote all his best music before the turn of the century, and as his talent matured so his reputation increased, first in Germany then in England. Again the development of his reputation is sketched somewhat abruptly, for quite suddenly he becomes the intellectuals' answer to Richard Strauss, and one of the two leading composers of the time. And but a few years later, when blindness and paralysis had made it impossible for him to write down a note of music, his character altered almost unrecognisably, and his later acquaintances recall only the egomaniac, the intolerant and intolerable ex-genius.

It is a sad, though fascinating, story. What shines like a light through Delius's life — and this even those who find his music boring and somehow irrelevant must agree — is Beecham's own part in it. Even as I was finishing the book he was playing the *Four Northern Songs* exquisitely on the wireless. This determination and consistency, in a sphere not otherwise notable for such qualities, command unqualified admiration and silence criticism.

ROBIN DENNISTON

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## FORMIDABLE FRED

MEMOIRS: By the Earl of Woolton. *Cassell*, 30s.

"MUMMY," said the little girl, interrupting the Lord's Prayer, which her mother was trying to teach her, "why must we have both God and Lord Woolton?" The reader of this book might find it a pertinent question, and answer "Why, indeed?" For if ever a man looked like a kindly Providence, it is Fred Woolton. From the cover of this book, the almost suffocating kindness of the face smiles out on millions of satisfied customers, and the Great Shopkeeper has no doubt whatsoever that they will be coming again.

Woolton is an easy man to laugh at, and an easy man to underrate. The Socialist Party made the great mistake of doing both when he joined the Tories at the moment of defeat in 1945. Now the fashion seems to be completely the other way; so far from being a figure of fun, he emerges as an English Boss Tweed, a latter-day Machiavelli—and no doubt not the least of the charges against him is that he looks so disarming. The Socialists' hostility to Woolton

seems to have surprised him; yet it is not unexpected. He stands, after all, for everything they most dislike. An immensely successful, paternalistic businessman, who probably cost them quite a number of votes in the North before the War by his business policies alone, and who certainly was one of the chief architects of the three grievous electoral defeats which they have suffered since.

This is a very revealing book, not so much for what it has to say, but for the way in which it is said. In the first place the mock humility, which used to entrance us all at Tory Party Conferences a few years ago, is given full rein here. Woolton had to be dragged backwards into every job he undertook; the millionaire businessman, the Minister of Food who achieved the impossible during the War, the political organiser unequalled in our history; all these, apparently, were the clowning substitutes for the Hamlet he really wanted to play—as a social worker in Liverpool.

Perhaps he genuinely never did want to take on the party job. Certainly the chapters about it betray a casualness which is absent in the other parts, and on pages 352-353 there is astonishing confusion, several major incidents in the 1951 Election campaign being allotted to 1950. It may well be that there are similar inaccuracies in those sections dealing with Lewis's and the Ministry of Food; but I think not. Lewis's and the Ministry of Food were love affairs, but Conservative Central Office was a love-hate relationship of the most virulent kind. He made a success of it, because it is in his nature to make a success of everything which he does; but he does not seem to have enjoyed it.

Yet was it all put on—that superb performance which lightened every Conservative Conference for ten years? The light of true revelation suddenly dawning in his eyes, as the Leader made some telling point; the sharp wince of pain as a fresh example of Socialist iniquity was revealed; the avuncular slap on the back for some bumpkin Young Conservative; and the speech at the end when, in the dulcet tones of the super-salesman, he presented the bell to the Chairman of the Conference. (He would never have fooled about as Lord Hailsham did—the soft sell for Woolton every time.) Some genuine love of politics lay underneath it all.

PETER KIRK.

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### A BATCH FOR CHRISTMAS

RONALD KNOX. By Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman and Hall*. 30s.

IN PRAISE OF WINE. By Alec Waugh. *Cassell*. 21s.

CIDER WITH ROSIE. By Laurie Lee. *Hogarth Press*. 16s.

CHILDREN IN THE CLOSE. By Geraldine Symons. *Batsford*. 21s.

THE ANTE-ROOM. By Lovat Dickson. *Macmillan*. 21s.

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by John Hadfield. *Hutchinson*. 30s.

MR. EVELYN WAUGH'S *Ronald Knox* is one more example of Mr. Waugh's versatility and of his excellence as a writer, and it stands midway between his *Campion* and *Brideshead Revisited*. It would be impossible to write well about Monsignor Ronald Knox without knowing and appreciating Oxford. It might be added that no one could give a fair appreciation of Knox's career who was not himself a convert to Roman Catholicism. Mr. Waugh's ironical writing appealed as strongly to Ronald Knox as the Monsignor's wit satisfied Mr. Waugh.

Not much more than two years ago when he realised that Knox had not long to live, he asked if he might write an account of him, and there is evidence that Knox was pleased by the offer. Mr. Waugh knew him best as a man of letters. When he died "the story unfolded in pulpit and newspaper was of one of the cherished and privileged survivors of a golden age." The impression made upon those who had only read the outline of Knox's career was inevitable. But was it even moderately accurate?

Whether or no Mr. Waugh intends to give the idea is not quite clear, but it seems that a man of such extraordinary talents as those possessed by Knox cannot have been really happy when in his later years he seemed to feel that there was no place into which he fitted exactly. His success with the Oxford undergraduates was remarkable. As a star preacher his services were in continual demand. He was equally at home in country houses or University Common Rooms. Even at the last when his malignant illness was diagnosed by Sir Horace Evans, it was at 10 Downing Street, where he stayed at the invitation of the Prime Minister, a friend of long standing.

Mr. Waugh's book, written dispassionately, with kindness and grave irony, is

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fascinating to read of peoples of all faiths, and I believe it is the kind of tribute Ronald Knox expected and hoped would come from his distinguished biographer. No one else could have written it so well and so justly, and readers who love Oxford will find in it, and in Sir Roy Harrod's *The Prof*, chapters of revealing Oxonia which deserve a place in the literature of the city of vigorous youth and lovely age.

Mr. Alec Waugh's new book is recommended to those interested in *Praise of Wine*. This most modest of authors is always worth reading when he writes about himself, and just as George Saintsbury's *Notes on a Cellar Book* is at its best when it deals with the author's own preferences, so is Mr. Waugh's. Memorable dinners are recorded and visits to famous vineyards. The drinking of wine, in his book, is not a snobbish social ritual, or a kind of religious rite. Mr. Waugh has the enormous advantage of knowing what he likes and why he likes it. He gives his reasons so that readers who are not in sympathy with his tastes will find that they have been warned. Some of the descriptions of the great winegrowing centres are charming.

Bordeaux and Cognac sound like places that demand to be visited. Any young person in search of sound advice about cultivating a palate will find it here. I can only summon up one reservation about this useful, well written book. It is this. On innumerable cricket tours in the past, the author and I have shared bottles of inexpensive red wines which we called "the old ferruginous". In *In Praise of Wine*, Mr. Waugh spells it with an "e", but that after all is only the merest speck of cork in his admirable vintage.

Among the most eminent writers of poetry and prose alive to-day Laurie Lee takes a very high place, and the reason he is not better known is because he has produced only three small volumes of verse and two prose works. *Cider With Rosie* describes his childhood in a remote Cotswold valley, where he was the youngest but one of a family of eight brought up by the mother of four of them. Their father fought in the first War, returned for a short time and then departed to live near London. His second wife always appeared to think that he would return and retained this illusion until news reached her that her husband was dead.

*Cider With Rosie*, as anyone who knows the English countryside might guess, is hardly ever idyllic. The young Lees lived in a small cottage with the slightest amenities, at the closest quarters. They were a friendly, turbulent crowd, living so simply that even the night the Squire's great goat broke loose and rattled his way through the village was an event:

"Proud in the night the beast passed by, head crowned by royal horns, his milky eyes split by strokes of moonlight, his great frame shaggy with hair. He moved with stiff and stilted strides, swinging his silvered beard, and from the tangled strength of his thighs and shoulders trailed the heavy chains he'd broken."

Then there were the neighbours, among them Cabbage-Stump Charlie, Albert the Devil, and Percy-from-Painswick. There were the Uncles, tremendous "cards" and characters. There was the Squire, a benevolent, rather ineffectual landowner. And at school there were the girls. The author's desk companions were two blonde girls, puppyishly pretty, Poppy and Jo. "They sat holding hands all day, and there was a female self-possession about their pink, sticky faces that made me shout angrily at them."

I cannot think of any book that has captured the atmosphere of a country village as

Frank, realistic . . . a biography  
that isn't draped in fig leaves



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Life  
of  
John  
Middleton  
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F. A. Lea's book is the first life of the famous moralist, critic, husband of Katherine Mansfield and intimate of D. H. Lawrence. 'A fascinating controversial literary biography' — *Daily Telegraph*

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**METHUEN**



*Cider With Rosie* does. Its outstanding merits lie in the author's absolute integrity, his useful memory, and in his superb descriptive gifts.

The little world shown here, a fragment of Gloucestershire in the 'twenties, saw the passing of the horse, and the last Squire die with his estates dismembered and his manor turned into a Home for Invalids. Couples began to be married in local registry offices. The vicar found Mr. Lee reading *Sons and Lovers*, took it away and destroyed it. He was soon succeeded by a "young apologist". The author began to write his first verses. *Cider With Rosie* is right and real. It is also most beguiling. John Ward's illustrations are worthy of the text.

Less than twenty years earlier, Miss Geraldine Symons was enjoying a very different, an almost cloistered childhood at Salisbury, and she has written pleasantly about those well remembered years in *Children in the Close*, and illustrated her book with drawings by her sister, Helen. She has not, of course, Mr. Lee's intense, poetic vision, but I know Salisbury well enough and used to know the dwellers in the Close not so very long after the time Miss Symons writes, to be sure that this is an authentic picture.

The four small Symons girls were well loved and protected. Their diversions were most decorous until, on an unforgettable occasion, in honour of a favourite uncle, "Helen and I tied a large blue silk bow on the chain of the cistern to greet him. Scandalised by such indelicacy, Nanny told us to remove it at once."

In those days the fine and stately houses surrounding the cathedral with its soaring spire and the bright rough grass that encircles it were used for their original purpose. Cathedral dignitaries, including some splendid eccentrics, occupied most of them, but in time the Bishop moved his residence and his Palace became the Cathedral School.

*Children in the Close* is agreeable to read, but it seems rather anaemic by comparison with the roaring tide of children in Mr. Lee's book. Gentler readers will probably find it rather more to their taste.

Mr. Lovat Dickson has dedicated *The Ante-Room*, "Early Stages in a Literary Life", to the memory of Jack Squire, "poet, man of letters, and unforgettable friend", and it is a mark of recognition well deserved. There is no doubt that Mr. Dick-

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JOHN MURRAY

son learned a great deal from Squire, and in later instalments of his reminiscences he will have something to say about it. This first book covers his early life in Australia, Rhodesia, and Canada. He landed in England to make a career when he was twenty-five, and in the next five years edited two famous periodicals and set up his own publishing house. It would be an extraordinary achievement for anyone, and although luck played a part, Mr. Dickson deserved some compensation for the hardships he had gone through earlier on. His mother died of cancer when he was only a boy. He had a grim time on a Canadian farm, worked as a bank messenger, in a shioryard, as Pensions clerk, at a School of Mines, and for a film company. He also worked down a mine, and ran a miners' newspaper.

Only one thing became clear to him as he moved from one job to another, that he wanted to have a post in publishing or journalism, and do a certain amount of writing himself. The end of *The Ante-Room* leaves him in sight of getting what he wanted. It is a well written, entirely readable account of a very varied life.

*The Saturday Book*, once again under the civilised editorship of Mr. Hadfield, looks even more tempting than usual. Regular addicts will certainly want to get it and anyone who sees it will want it too. It solves the problem of what to give to a friend of whose tastes one is not altogether sure. She (or he) is bound to find something to enjoy in it.

ERIC GILLET.



**records**

#### Orchestral

Recordings of the standard repertoire symphonies this month do not offer anything to be especially recommended above the best existing versions, but there are two discs more off the beaten track that should be mentioned. Bruckner's Fifth Symphony (B flat) previously issued in stereo is now available in mono and though less spacious in sound is, in general, excellent. It is a

noble work with a tragically desolate slow movement, a fine scherzo and a superb finale with an introduction inspired by that of Beethoven's 9th, that is themes from the previous movements are tried and discarded. Jochum, with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, gives a splendid performance of the work and also of the *Prelude* (Act I) and *Good Friday Music* from *Parsifal*, on the remaining space (D.G.G. Mono LPM 18550-1: Stereo SLPM 138004-5).

The other symphony is Pfitzner's second, in C major (1940) coupled with the three preludes from his opera *Palestrina* (1917). Pfitzner's god was Wagner, but in the symphony he writes in a neo-classical vein and with none of the heavy-footedness often attributed to him.

The second of the *Palestrina* Preludes, preceding the Council of Trent scene, is highly dramatic, the outer ones quiet and meditative. Leitner, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, plays the music with understanding and the recording is good (D.G.G. Stereo SLPM 136022).

Bach's Third and Fourth Brandenburg Concertos, well played by the Stuttgart Soloists, conducted by Marcel Couraud, are on a ten-inch disc (Fontana EFR 2028) and well worth having. A cadenza, and not a borrowed slow movement, is placed between the two movements of No. 3. Kubelik, with the R.P.O. gives a delightful and sensitive performance of Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*, without stressing its virtuosic elements, and has the best recording the work has so far received (H.M.V. ALP 1744). There is glorious playing, with fine recording, from Sawallisch and the Philharmonia Orchestra on a disc of Wagner excerpts, Preludes to *Tannhäuser* and *Meistersinger* and the three usual *Götterdämmerung* pieces (Columbia 33CX 1655).

#### Instrumental

Ralph Kirkpatrick's performance of Bach's *Goldberg Variations* is most attractive, avoiding monotony — and sparing expense — by not observing all repeats and so getting the work on to one disc (Archive Stereo SAPM 198020: Mono APM 14135).

John Browning, a young American pianist who won one of the Queen Elizabeth of Belgium awards in 1956, has borne out his promise in a splendid performance of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata and Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. He includes also a transcription of Bach's *Pre-*

lude and Fugue in A minor for organ in space that might have been more profitably filled (Capitol P8490).

*Song*

Christa Ludwig shows greater artistry than in her previous *Lieder* recordings with most moving and beautifully sung performances of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and *Kindertotenlieder*, very well accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted respectively by Boult and Vandernoot (Columbia 33CX 1671).

*Opera*

Joan Sutherland's rapid strides to international fame, in which we can take a legitimate pride, are further explained by her lovely, secure, and truly affecting singing of arias from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda Chamounix*, *Ernani* and *Vespre Siciliani*, with members of the Paris Opera Chorus and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Santi (Decca Mono LXT 5531: Stereo SXL 2159). The stereo offers the best reproduction. A performance of *Don Giovanni* in which Fischer-Dieskau sings the name part is certainly an event and the great artist gives, as one might expect, a carefully thought out and individual characterisation of his part, even if not one to command universal assent. His Don is a sex-crazed man devoid of true humanity until his terrible end is in sight — then he does become an almost heroic figure. Seefried is a charming Zerlina and Häffiger sings his two arias beautifully. Stader as Donna Elvira and Jurinac as Donna Anna are not quite so happily cast, and Karl Kohn is an adequate Leporello. Fricsey and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra give a good, but not outstanding account of the orchestral score (D.G.G. Mono LPM 18580-2; Stereo SLPM 138050-2). Seefried and Streich sing beautifully in the new recording of *Der Rosenkavalier*, Marianne Schech is a pleasant-voiced, attractive Marschallin, emotionally reserved, Kurt Boehme an excellent Ochs. Fischer-Dieskau, rather surprisingly, appears as the self-important Faninal. Smaller parts are all well taken and Karl Böhm gets fine playing from the Saxon State Orchestra (D.G.G. Mono LPM 18570-3; Stereo SLPM 138040-3: both are good). Columbia's newly issued stereo discs of the opera are a considerable improvement on the mono (SAX 2269-72).

ALBC ROBERTSON.



# finance

**T**HERE is much more general public interest in economic news these days than there used to be. In part this is easily explained. People are at last beginning to realise that economic affairs can be of the greatest public importance, and that if something goes wrong with those mythical entities "the gold and convertible currency reserves" or "the trade gap", and so on, this may mean that the Government has to take unpleasant action—like making it more difficult to buy goods on hire-purchase. Again, a greater interest naturally follows the larger stake more people now have in the stock market, either directly, through the purchase of shares, or indirectly through buying trust units, or even more indirectly through benefits expected from an insurance policy or pension scheme. Beyond all this, however, is the fact that economic news has in recent months often had the characteristic which makes people interested in other sorts of news. The economic news has been dramatic. There have been bids for companies that are household names; offers by foreign (particularly American) interests for British firms; rumours of malpractices of various kinds; struggles for power; and huge sums of money, sometimes tax-free or beyond the ordinary man's powers of comprehension, bandied about the headlines of the financial pages of the newspapers, seemingly every day.

Some cynics might argue that this increased interest is evidence itself that all is not well in the City of London. And the only saving grace about the rumours of financial scandals during the last few months is that they have made unanswerable the case for the reform of Britain's financial institutions in general, and those of the City in particular. The question now is not whether reform is needed, but to what extent it will have to be imposed by legislation and to what extent it can be effected by self-regulation. In this connection, three points are worth bearing in mind. In the first place, self-regulation is easiest to impose and most effective in application in the case of those institutions like the Stock Exchange which own "machinery" that can only be used by its members: the more that

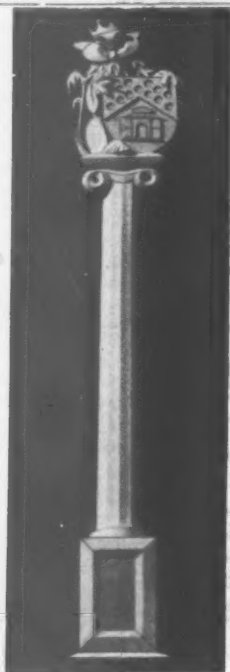
people following a certain line of financial business have to organise themselves into a body, merely in order to undertake this business, the more efficiently the conduct of that line of business can be regulated by those who pursue it. Secondly, and linked to this, self-regulation will be the more effective when the limited sanctions that can be imposed by a private corporation are in fact serious enough to be effective. On the other hand, when the most severe sanctions that can privately be imposed do not suffice to prevent improper behaviour (except on the exceptional and unpreventable occasion) then there seems to be a *prima facie* case for legislation imposed from without, and backed by the force of law.

Finally, however effective self-regulation might be, it would still have to be backed—or even controlled—by public legislation if that self-regulation were not operated in the public interest. It has been argued, for example, that the City's code of behaviour in respect of take-over bids is not in the public interest, because it assumes the interests of shareholders (implicitly, it must be remembered, against boards of directors) to be paramount and has little regard for the interests of consumers or employees. What

the public interest is in any situation or group of situations is, of course, very difficult to define; but clearly it may differ from the interests of the members of a particular financial institution, or even of the City as a whole. The mere possibility, therefore, of effective self-regulation, does not necessarily mean that reformist legislation might not be necessary to remedy any particular abuse. It is possible, indeed, to go further and suggest that because to some people self-regulation is bound always to be suspect, it would be preferable, even for the City, if the new rules had the force of law and were decided by Parliament.

The need for new rules of financial conduct is great. It must be remembered, however, that the City has not suddenly been hit by some plague of dishonesty. What has happened is, in large part, simply that existing legislation—like the law in any field—is continually becoming out of date both in terms of technical progress and in terms of changing attitudes. It would also be ungenerous not to recognise that the institutions of the City have done much to protect the interests of their clients against dishonesty or inefficiency.

LOMBARDO.



## Why not talk it over?

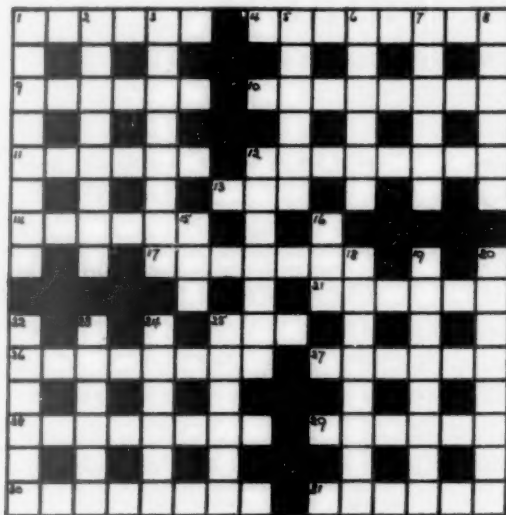
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## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 37

ACROSS.—3. Offal. 8. Meteor. 9. Entrap. 10. Crena. 11. Breath. 12. Rancid. 13. Ton. 14. Assessor. 17. Isobar. 20. Hansel and Gretel. 23. Street. 26. Language. 30. Era. 31. Impair. 32. Tuss'e. 33. Apish. 34. Attest. 35. Emetic. 36. Inner.

DOWN.—1. Debris. 2. Berate. 3. Orchis. 4. Free translation. 5. Learning. 6. Stingo. 7. Lamina. 14. Ashes. 15. Senor. 16. See. 18. Batta. 19. Rolfe. 21. Literati. 22. Rug. 24. Tomato. 25. Enamel. 27. Nether. 28. Ulcer. 29. Gille.

## CLUES

### ACROSS

1. His holiday is no real change (6)
4. Gas inspired a politician (8)
9. Air can produce a tincture (6)
10. "I have bought golden . . . from all sorts of people." Shakespeare (*Macbeth*) (8)
11. A stick makes a little animal bark (6)
12. Chance being quiet or turning quiet in school (8)
13. Nocturnal creature of the cricket family? (3)
14. Just the place for star-gazers! (6)
17. Many appear in footwear that is a disgrace (7)
21. No common bait! (6)
25. Fixed part of one's assets (3)
26. Bully, one who acts about an explosive charge (8)
27. Peg and the band around an old instrument (6)
28. A line on the map makes this more uncertain (8)
29. Keep the Territorial Army in check (6)
30. Set a time perhaps for calculation (8)
31. A machine which gets a physician on edge (6)

### DOWN

1. The face of Cockney London (4, 4)
2. Upsetting stain on a piece of music (8)
3. App'auds as about a hundred demand rights (8)
5. Disclose incomplete confession (6)
6. Sterne's extraordinary forename (6)
7. Loved creating a fuss over a warning of danger (6)
8. Set in a shade of green, it is current in Spain (6)
12. Net torn in two for an artist (7)
15. Expert in face-making (3)
16. Steal, — and the result's the sack! (3)
18. Appropriate time to break the high jump record? (4-4)
19. Normal street and a little road (8)
20. Judgement in a few words (8)
22. A copper with a fault,—Intelligence (6)
23. The significance of incoming cargo (6)
24. The man to make a song of praise (6)
25. The engineer in the party is hidden (6)

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